

THE ARSENAL CANNON



JANUARY 1917





School News

PLANS FOR NEW BUILDINGS

There are rumors of another building for the Technical High School. It looks as though the future of the school is being planned in a large way. We are hoping that the next new building will be ready, in part at least, by next September, since the Technical High School is now receiving five hundred new students each term. Probably the next building can bring into use a Science Laboratory, Household Arts equipment, and drafting rooms in addition to extra class room space. It gives all of us a comfortable feeling to know that the future at Tech is being taken care of and each building constructed hereafter will make up one unit of a greater Tech. The deed for the grounds has been given to the Board of School Commissioners so that the future of the school is now assured.

WHO THEY ARE

Last week the ARSENAL CANNON staff for next semester was crystallized in the form of fourteen members who by their application for membership indicated their willingness to work on the paper. Of this number, five now on the staff who return for further service are: Vivian Webster present Literary Editor, Howard Bates and Angeline Bates assistants to the editor-in-chief, Helen Newman and Elizabeth Vial. Alfred Sloan earned a place on the staff by willingly acting as office-boy and general messenger last semester. He was ever ready to deliver papers, gather miscellaneous contributions or distribute CANNON bulletins.

Hellen Algeo, Elinor Carpenter and Eugene Saltmarsh from the special Christmas staff will become regular members.

Oscar Ries, former reporter, Harold Robinson winner of the short story prize from Comp. VII group, Robert Pruett who comes to Tech for his final high school work, and Dallas Crooke, our former editor-in-chief, complete the list.

MUSIC DEMANDS BIGGER PLACE

A Boys' Glee Club, and a Girls' Glee Club, and an advanced class in Harmony will be the three new features in the Music department this coming semester.

Tech pupils have expressed a desire for Glee Clubs for the last two terms. The demand became so strong that their desires are to be fulfilled.

Within five days after "the signing up for Glee Club" had been announced through the Roll Rooms, one hundred and two boys and ninety-seven girls applied for admission.

Because of conflicts in hours, and the necessity of balancing the Boys' Glee Club according to 1st and 2nd tenor and 1st and 2nd bass, the membership has been limited to fifty. The Girls' Glee Club, also, will be limited to that number, in order to balance the 1st and 2nd sopranos and 1st and 2nd altos. Glee Clubs are joyous organizations. A variety of music is studied including everything from the sublime to the ridiculous.

A full credit is offered to those members who remain in the Glee Club till graduation. Future membership can be obtained only through vacancies.

Advanced Harmony is a valuable addition to the music department. Pupils in Harmony I are rejoicing over their good fortune in obtaining Harmony II. In Harmony I they have received a good foundation for composition of music. They are able to construct major and minor chords in all keys and harmonize them and can also create the soprano, alto, tenor and bass of short exercises. With this foundation they will make rapid strides toward composition, this coming term. A full credit is given for Harmony II.

Since there are so many new features in the music department, hours can not be arranged for Chorus III and IV. But because of the great demand for Chorus III

and IV, special provision has been made. Pupils who have had Chorus I and II and desire to continue their work may do so by reviewing Chorus II for one or two terms. A half credit is offered for each term. Music of the same difficulty will be studied, but the songs will be different in order to maintain interest.

RESULTS OF THE STORY AND POEM CONTEST

Were you a winner of the Prize Story and Poem Contest? Read the results below. You may find your name among them.

Class I. Story—Mary Lukens, English IIg. Poem—Generous Hayes, Printing English.

Class II. Story—Minnie Brown, English IV. Poem—Raymond Holtman, English III.

Class III. Story—Helen McPheeters, English VI. Poem—Robert Darter, English VI.

Class IV. Story—Harold Robinson, Composition VII. Poem—Vivian Webster, Composition VII.

Class V. Story—George Olive, Composition VIII. Poem—Fred McDonald, Composition VIII.

These winners' stories and poems will be found in the literary department of this issue.

V. L. W.

NEW THEME TABLET PLANNED

The time has come when Tech is going to have a new Theme Tablet, made exclusively for the student body. An extremely attractive cover has been designed by our Art department. The words "Technical High School, Indianapolis," are arranged at the top of the page. Below this is the school seal. By special permission of the English Committee the staff secured this seal for the CANNON for our cover, and through the splendid work of Miss Bard and Miss Stebbins we were able to use it on this Senior issue.

The English Committee has planned to make these tablets worth while to the students, aside from the fact that they will contain more sheets of valuable paper than could be secured in the Central States Theme Tablet. On the inside of the cover

instead of "Suggestions for the Pupil" now used they intend to print the form of one, and of three paragraph compositions, the proper heading and indorsement of English themes, certain universal signs for correcting errors, with explanation of each, together with a brief, somewhat simplified summary of those Rules for Uniform Handling of Late Work, so pains-takingly dictated and explained by our various English teachers earlier in the term.

V. L. W.

SPANISH FANDANGO

At the regular meeting of the Spanish Club held in Room B-2 Thursday, Jan. 11, 1917, it was decided to make the last meeting of each semester a social affair. The president, Oscar Ries, appointed an entertainment committee in charge of Marjorie Alling and a committee on arrangements with Margaret Shea as chairman. Anna Shingler was given the task of providing refreshments, all bills to be paid for, out of the club treasury.

As a result of much planning, last Thursday at four o'clock the club met in its clubroom, B-2, and in a body went to the home of Gordon Zink. Several girls and boys were invited to increase the party. The guests were selected with a view to making them members of the club next semester, providing their grades in Spanish reach the standard set for membership, namely, an average of B.

After a rather heated discussion, in Spanish, of course, concerning whether or not we should be grateful "to Carranza for keeping us out of Mexico," a number of girls showed their ability to produce Spanish music. The refreshments were hot chocolate, Spanish nut cake, and mints.

This party, to all indications, created more enthusiasm for Spanish Club work than any other attempts. It is rumored that the organization plans several such stunts for the coming semester.

OSCAR RIES

RESULT OF CAMERA CONTEST

When the collections of snap shots came to the staff in response to an announcement of a contest, the only available group as a whole was that of Merrill Pearson's. To



POGUE'S RUN AT
SUNSET



THE HOME OF THE CANNON



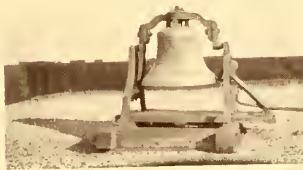
LILAC LANE AT NIGHT



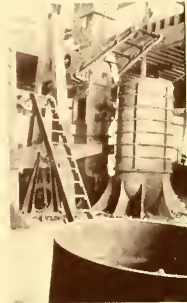
LOVER'S LANE



POGUE'S RUN FROM
E TENTH



THE ARSENAL BELL



PASSING OF THE PERPETUAL
MOTION MACHINE



CENTENNIAL PAGEANT



AGGIES ON PARADE



SLIDE IF YOU DO—
SLIDE IF YOU DON'T



"TISH"



OUR CHANTICLEER

him goes the prize although we used only one of his pictures supplemented and strengthened by a selection from other contributions. Doesn't Tech need a Camera Club?

NEW SEMESTER OFFERS MANY FEATURES

Tech is not only making additions in buildings and in new students each semester, but we are also still adding interesting courses to our already valuable list. There are three full time Expression classes made up mostly of advanced students. In addition to this Miss Farman will give part of her time to Expression in her regular English classes. This way there will be an opportunity for others in the school to get a bit of this Expression work.

It is fortunate that so many seniors have selected this course for their next term's work. For those who are to take part in the commencement program will be chosen, largely, from the Expression classes.

We will, no longer, find our business department at home in the house but when the new semester opens they will be in their new home on the third floor of the Arsenal Building. The Bookkeeping department will have new equipment throughout. The Stenographic department will have an office equipped for practical office work.

The Board of School Commissioners has granted us a new sewing room and a drawing room thoroughly equipped. With all of this new equipment to work with, we ought to be able to do better than ever before.

v. L. w.

AUTO SHOP IMPROVED

As the semester closes, the auto shop begins to realize a number of achievements, the result of Mr. Day's pioneer work as well as the work of the thirty boys enrolled during the term, under the instruction of Mr. Molter and Mr. Frame. The shop has been painted, and a new office and tool-room combined has been constructed in the northeast corner. Upon their return from Christmas vacation, the boys discovered a new cement floor and three brick-lined pits, put in the floor at convenient places.

The Friday before Christmas, Charles Blake received information that these pits

would be used as graves, one of which had already been assigned to him. So Monday morning Charles failed to appear, and not even his roll-room teacher's promise of safety could induce him to return. In a night, he changed his ambition for knowledge of auto-construction to a yearning for carpentry.

A number of machines and trucks have "taken the gas cure" at the auto shops and have emerged nearly as good as new. Mr. Stuart's "flivver" has been the most frequent visitor.

COMP. VII's TURN DRAMATISTS

The great Fred Coverston presented this one-act tragedy, "The Applicant." He not only played a double role, thus impersonating two entirely different characters, but he himself is the author of the play.

Time: Class-time.

Place: Room 34.

Enter

Aspiring Lad (Speaking hurriedly): Sir, I am applying for the position, in answer to your "ad" in last night's News. I have had some work along Haberdashery lines, and have had four year's experience on a vegetable wagon—

Proprietor (Looking up indifferently): What wages do you expect, boy?

Aspiring Lad: O, anything, sir! My mother is ill, we are poor, and I need the money.

Proprietor: When can you start work?

Aspiring Lad: The sooner, the better. (Slaps hand on desk, emphatically, masterfully)

Proprietor: Well, my boy, I can do nothing for you.

(Ask Fred how he likes playing two roles.)

Another successful play entitled "Bound to Rise," by Caroline McMath, is being prepared for the publishers. Miss McMath has followed the popular practice of giving the "star" an opportunity to play a double role. She intends to impersonate both the

(Continued on page 15)

The Seniors

THE WILL OF JANUARY 1917 CLASS

I, Dallas Crooke, of Indianapolis, make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills and testamentary papers by me at any time heretofore made.

Realizing the great responsibility and honor imposed upon me by the January class of 1917 as their trustee, with sole power to act for them in disposing of the property and rights possessed by said class, I do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament.

I direct first of all, that all our honest and dishonest debts be paid as soon as possible after our departure.

I give to William Elder, a flesh reducer, which I hope will profit him greatly. This is a gift of Irwin Redding's.

To Jack Haymaker, I have been authorized by Edgar Speece to present a bottle of peroxide which he shall use for his hair immediately upon its receipt.

I bequeath to Luella Agger, in memory of her brother John, the sum of ninety-nine cents with which she shall buy lunch checks and leave said brother in peace.

To Fred Coverston goes a powder-puff, the good-by gift of Sidney Dailey. (We hope this will be convenient for Fred, as he can hereafter have one at school and one at home.)

To Myra Fischer and Vera Merz I wish to bequeath Bernice Jones' and Wayne McMeans' successful height producers.

Upon my departure I wish Wilbur Igelman's new composition, "The Ignor-upkious" from Pogitutis, to be given to L. E. Richard as he is so musically inclined.

To Helen Lackey and Edward Doyle, Mr. Pohlkotte wishes me to present the marriage license used in "All of a Sudden Peggy," since it would be very hard for

Edward to get one if the clerk saw him first.

To Houston Meyers, we leave Frank Hoke's long to be remembered reputation as an actor, and to Joseph J. Johnson, Garland Parmer's Gillette safety razor. It seems Hoop is minus on the acting while Joseph is plus on the beard. Frank remarks that these gifts are "all for the good of the family."

Mr. Merrill Smith wishes me to give the Misses Bushong and Bumbaugh, his class in "ascetic" dancing. He has, up to the present date, found great pleasure in teaching his children but on the account of (Denver for Smithy) declining health he finds he must adapt himself to lighter work.

The Misses Wood and Buenting have asked me to bequeath to Robert Byrne and Harry Brown respectively their latest novels on "How I Grew Red Hair" and "The Art of Making Love." Robert adores red hair and we are sure Esther's book will be fully appreciated. Harry has, however, very little need of his gift as he has one almost like it which he borrowed from Miss Wolfred.

Tech's Symphony orchestra composed of Russell Durler, Roy Magruder, George Olive, Leo Clifton, Goodwin Weaver, and Burl Owen wish me to give their instruments to the June Class, preferably to the following pupils: Howard Hartman, Gerald McShane, and Fritz Nessler. As you know Russell plays the blow-pipe, Roy the flutelo, George the saxonette, Leo the gas bags, Goodwin the player-piano and last but not least, Burl his sooner-horn.

To Paul James and Kenneth Jeffries, I wish to bequeath Dudley Chambers' and Herbert Bader's so called "gift of gab." This should be of great importance to both boys especially to Paul since he is naturally a shy boy and needs a good "line of talk." Kenneth is good on "chatter" at the present time but Herbert's variety will

be a big addition to that which he already has.

To Grester Miller, Forrest Nutt, and Walter Porteous, I have been urged to give special invitations to the new club recently organized in Tech. It is the T. H. C. C. better known as Tech's Crochet Club. The present members are Edward Harrold, Earl Moore, Frank Lee, and Vernon Griffis. This club is very exclusive, many of the slippers and mittens made by the members being crocheted in secret "hang-outs." It will be to the invited boys' advantage to join the T. H. C. C.

Helen Drake, who has signed a contract to act with the Murat circuit, wishes me to make a proposition to Mary Mitchell and Sadie Kanttel to become her maids while she is on the road. Miss Drake offers a good salary and advancement should either remain with her. She has also a "flunky" position open to some energetic boy. She would like to hear from Carl Moore or Paul Singleton.

To Stanley Swain and Margaret Wuelfing is given the work of composing the song to be sung by the Hungry Trio on Class Day. This bunch of harmony is made up of Mary Williams, Madeline Pauli and Frieda Ostermeier. The song chosen is "Who Built Clarence Miller's Feet so Far from His Head?"

I now bequeath to Paul Singleton, as requested by the little Giant, Leon Boersig, the pair of ninety-nine cent hair clippers we seniors gave to him when we found that he let his hair grow too long.

To Mildred Smith, we now give Everett Ent's new book of jokes entitled, "Jokes of the 15th Century."

To Thelma Pendergast and Emily Shugert is given the right to take the place of Marguerite Mahoney as leader of the girls in the next senior class. Wouldn't they make a capital pair of bosses?

I bequeath to William Hinkle and Oakley French the work of watching Helen Schwartz. You will notice that on some mornings she can be seen on the corner of Tenth and Massachusetts near a saloon. Her alibi is that she is waiting for Mary Ferris or Elsie Piel but we know that Elsie doesn't live near Helen.

I have been authorized to give to any one in the June class who wishes to become an

old maid an invitation to a tea at the home of the President of the organization, Herbert Galloway. The other members are Hildred Bell, Ethel Coffey, Fern Fear, Doris Chapman, and Elizabeth Schotters. It is rumored, however, that Elizabeth shows signs of recovery.

To Edward Hartlauf I wish to will the greatest gift of all, my own loud voice. It can be heard in all places and in a lot of places where it should not be heard. Do your best Eddie, let them know you are on earth next term.

In testimony whereof, I, DALLAS CROOKE have hereunto set my hand this day of January 19, 1917.

Signed by testator, Dallas Croke, as his last will in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

Signed, M. H. STUART,
Principal,
RUBY ALLEN,
Sponsor.

THE FUTURE OF THE CLASS OF '17

At the end of the East Michigan car line, set away back from the street, almost entirely hidden by drooping trees stands a tiny, weather-beaten, tumbling-down old house. Here in this lonely shack resides the famous crystal gazer, Teragram Yenoham. Bravely defying the haunted atmosphere of this lonely spot, every one of the class of '17 has visited it, in an attempt to learn his fate.

What dark form is this vainly seeking to disguise his identity behind a monocle, as he steals from tree to tree fearful of losing his dignity by being caught patronizing a crystal gazer? It is no other than Frank Hoke. The magic crystal ever eager to depict the future of celebrities, reveals him as inheriting a dukedom from an unknown uncle in England who very opportunely died—"all for the good of the family." The title to these lands is secured for Frank through the unceasing efforts of his good friend of yore, the noted lawyer, Dudley Chambers. Replacing his monocle, which has fallen in his astonishment at his own good fortune, Frank disappears into the darkness. But the crystal once started reels on and on.

Many glorious futures are revealed this night. "What's in a name?" Hear ye. Is it the fate of his name that molds the future of Dallas Crooke this night? Far down in the crystal depths of that magic ball I see him the warden of Sing Sing. Beloved by his reformed flock, who no longer bear his name. Mr. Crooke is aided in reform work by Fern Fear, who has changed from the timid little girl whom we knew.

Many other futures mold themselves before the crystal gazer this night. Herbert Bader, Edgar Speece, Harold Kattau, Burl Owen and Russell Durler are shown starting all Broadway by their clever clog-dancing and vaudeville skits. Madeline Pauli, Eva Haig, and Hildred Bell completely dim such stars as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, and Blanche Sweet, whose art they have so faithfully studied in their nightly attendance at the movies—always more alluring to them than math, history, or comp. Perhaps some of their success should be attributed to the thrilling scenarios written by that student of literature, Helen Schwartz. In the spoken drama, which many claim requires greater histrionic ability, we have Esther Wood playing the lead in that appealing production "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Helen Drake, as Peg in "Peg o' my Heart" outshines all her predecessors. We have for reference their write ups in the theatrical columns of Sidney's Daily, edited by their dramatic critic, for whom the paper was named. By means of the crystal we see in the society columns of this same Daily that Mary Williams, now the wife of a prominent New York broker, has taken up her summer residence at Newport.

Some of the girls are seen engaged in rather unusual occupations; Mary Ferris, for example, as a demonstrator for a new-fangled machine for blowing soap-bubbles, the credit of whose invention is claimed by John Agger and Herbert Galloway. Mary has been able to sell one to Doris Chapman who has become the matron of an orphans' home in the slums of New York. She entertains her charges in their leisure hours with this novel machine.

Wilber Igelman is the director of a world famous band. He takes the place left vacant by the illustrious Sousa. In the more

popular musical circle is the ragtime king, Vernon Griffis. His most noted production is "The Cubist Rag" which must be played blindfolded to be appreciated.

The lure of a title has overcome the objections Elizabeth Schotters had to married life. After her return from abroad she will be known to her humble friends as "My Lady, Duchess of Marlborough."

In the greatest High School in the United States Elsie Piel is teaching fiendish algebra to industrious freshmen, while Florence Buenting makes young students healthy through properly directed exercise.

In the list of graduates from prominent colleges are found names of Jan. '17 seniors—Leon Boersig from Yale, Leo Clifton from Wisconsin, Everett Ent from Brown and Edward Harrold from Boston Tech.

Clarence Miller, the tallest boy in the class is wondering how Wayne McMeans acquired such a high station in life. Wayne appears in the crystal a light-house keeper.

In Technical's future library George Olive's name is seen engraved under the list of famous poets.

Housewives cannot withstand the silver tongued orator, Irwin Redding, consequently he is in great demand by the manufacturers to sell products whose values do not speak for themselves.

Melvin Pohlkotte and Garland Parmer are campaign managers of rival political parties. Under their direction one of the most bitterly contested elections in history has been waged. Both sides won.

Merrill Smith, with such able workmen as Frank Lee, Earl Moore, Paul Singleton, and Goodland Weaver, controls one of the largest auto plants in the world.

The honor of being the greatest exponent of scientific farming has been justly won by Roy Magruder.

Frieda Ostermeier is a noted dancing teacher whose efficient assistants are Thelma Henderson and Ethel Coffey.

Just as I gaze into the magic crystal to foresee Fred McDonald's future a spider drops from the ceiling and Fred, in his haste to secure a new specimen, breaks the magic crystal and leaves us in doubt as to his future.

MARGUERITE MAHONEY,



Frank Hoke
Class President
Hobby: Anything with wheels.

Helen Schwartz
Vice-President.
Hobby: Triangles and
Polygons.



Esther Wood
Secretary
Hobby: Friends.



Dallas Crooke
Treasurer.
Hobby: Racquets and
Rackets.



John Agger
Hobby: Teddy Roose-
velt.



January
Graduating
Class
1917



Herbert Bader
Hobby: Guinea Pigs.



Dudley Chambers
Hobby: Good Manners.



Hildred Bell
Hobby: Pots and Skillets.



Doris Chapman
Hobby: Conversation.



Leon Boersig
Hobby: Hair Ribbons.



Leo Clifton
Hobby: Stump Speeches.



Florence Buenting
Hobby: Dancing Slippers.



Ethel Coffey
Hobby: Five Cent Shows.



Sidney Dailey
Hobby: Baskets.



Helen Drake
Hobby: Foot-lights.



Russel Durler
Hobby: Girl's Basketball.



Everett Ent
Hobby: Few Words.



Fern Fear
Hobby: Mice.



Mary Ferris
Hobby: "Everything."



Herbert Galloway
Hobby: Cinders.



Vernon Griffis
Hobby: "Carrot" Locks.



Edward Harrold
Hobby: Hesitation in Math.



Thelma Henderson
Hobby: Trombones.



Wilbur Igelman
Hobby: Harmony.



Harold Kattau
Hobby: Popular Mechanics.

Fred McDonald
Hobby: Profound Meditation.



Frank Lee
Hobby: Good Behavior
in Deutsch.



Roy McGruder
Hobby: Chickens.



Marguerite Mahoney
Hobby: A+'s.





Wayne McMeans
Hobby: Good Advice.



Clarence Miller
Hobby: Rest.



Earl Moore
Hobby: Scrapping.



George Olive
Hobby: Thought.



Frieda Ostermeier
Hobby: Silence.



Burl Owen
Hobby: Rector's
Drug Store.



Garland Parmer
Hobby: Butterflies.



Madeline Pauli
Hobby: Posies.



Melvin Pohlkotte
Hobby: Lessons.



Elsie Piel
Hobby: Neatness.



Irwin Redding
Hobby: "I."



Elizabeth Schotters
Hobby: Rag-time.



Merrill Smith
Hobby: Girls
and Neck-Ties



Edgar Speece
Hobby: Curls.



Goodwin Weaver
Hobby: Hats.



Mary Williams
Hobby: Giggles.

BEYOND THE RIDGE

One road is o'er, and we are led upon
 A path of hope where now we tread in
 calm,
 And joy, a great vast throng to whom the
 dawn
 Of new and better elements is giv'n.
 And so we stand at end of day, on top
 The first great hill, which knowledge gains
 for all;
 And gaze far out in space, where paths all
 dip
 From sight, within the dew of eventide.
 And through the mist in jagged line we see
 A rise of hills that e'er beset the path;
 For rocky is the way, when life seems but
 To be, a time for deep despair, of hate, and
 wrath.
 But days as these we're passing through,
 give back
 All hardships *now* returned as happiness.
 They show that just beyond the ridge there
 lies,
 A land of gifts, success, and joyous peace.

Another course in flight has sped its way;
 We, victors, stand on *this* the final day.
 To long, to strive, to fight for Right, we
 mean;
 Remember January, '17.

GEORGE M. OLIVE,
 Class Poet.

CLASS HISTORY

Four years ago the charter members of this class arrived at the Arsenal Grounds. The day was one of those dark, dreary, blustering, winter days when the heavy snow clouds hang low in the sky and release volumes of great white flakes which fall slowly and gently to the earth. The wind whistled through the archway in the tower and up the long oak stairway to the second floor of the Arsenal. There we gathered and were met by Mr. Anderson, who directed us to our different roll rooms. Everyone was a stranger to his neighbor and afraid to talk or move. We meekly received our study slips with directions as to the location of the different rooms, which, exclusive of the shops, then numbered eight. A bell rang and we started to our first class in high school. The periods were only ten minutes in length, but this

gave sufficient time in which to sign a roll slip, copy the names of our required text book, and then run to our next class.

The first week was uneventful save for getting acquainted with our neighbors, and beginning to fall in love with the old Arsenal. The following Monday brought a delayed freshman into our midst, and with him an exceedingly large, carefully wrapped and tied package, which he presented to the teacher. It was his diploma from the public schools, mounted and framed in a beautiful gold frame. The teacher merely smiled, but the upperclassmen created much ado over the freshman's mistake.

The winter passed by quickly and spring came, bringing with her all the hidden beauties of the campus. The great outdoors became our class room, our lunch room, and our playground. This outdoor life brought us closer together and made one great big happy family of us. During noon hour the boys played ball, ran races, threw apple cores, and teased the girls with snakes which they had brought from the thicket; while the girls roamed over the campus in search of wild flowers, played catch, or amused themselves in some other way.

Then, after a week of tests and examinations, came the first final report, which seemed to worry all, for no one was sure what his card would contain. Then we left the campus for our summer vacation, but it did not have the air of the cheerless, dark, dreary school which we had known the first day, for it had become, to us, the dearest school in all the land.

The summer passed, September arrived, and with it came the beginning of school days. The campus was just as lovely but the school had changed a little—the changes being due to the coming of a number of welcome freshmen, and a few new teachers. The pharmacy boys on the third floor still gave us, at irregular intervals, many kinds of medicine. This medicine was administered to us through several holes in the ceiling which were for this special purpose. Often we freshmen were sorry that we had not been more careful of our steps. The winter came and went and spring again brought back our beautiful campus. More

freshmen had arrived and accustomed themselves to the place, and it began to look as if a real school would some day occupy the Arsenal Grounds.

The summer passed and the new freshmen and the older classmen again assembled in the Arsenal, but this time we found that four new rooms and a large gymnasium had been annexed on the third floor. These rooms were filled with the September freshmen and in February it was found necessary to build four more rooms on the third floor. This addition cut down the gymnasium's size to the minimum. Since then the class has seen the taking over of the old barracks and the east house, which have been valuable not only to us, but also to the freshies. Last term saw us accept even the barn as a place of refuge for the freshmen.

Now we have traced the class from its beginning in February four years ago when it existed merely as a possibility, to the present time when we now know we are a class and that we are to graduate from a recognized high school. This last fact, however, was uncertain until last semester when the Supreme Court made its decision in favor of Technical, and gave the entire seventy-six acres of the Arsenal Grounds to the city for school purposes.

So far through high school this class of forty-seven, twenty-nine boys and eighteen girls, had existed only as individuals among the many students in the school. In order that we might graduate as a class it was necessary that we organize. Our first meeting was on the seventeenth of last May. All students who anticipated having thirty-two credits by the end of January 1917 were eligible to attend and vote at this meeting. Louis Heitkam, president of last year's class, presided at this meeting until our president, Frank Hoke, was elected. For vice-president, Helen Schwartz was chosen, for secretary, Esther L. Wood, and for treasurer, Dallas Croke. At another meeting we selected our class motto from Tennyson, which is "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." As class colors we chose copenhagen blue and white. These meetings ended the activities of this class until the following September.

The first class meeting this semester was

held September 29. Mr. Stuart opened the meeting and introduced our new class sponsor, Miss Allen, and the teacher of expression, Miss Farman. The class attributes the success of its class play to Miss Farman. The play chosen was an English comedy, "All of a Sudden Peggy," and was given at the Masonic Temple, December 15, with Helen Drake and Roy Magruder in the leading roles. The choice of our armbands, pins, rings, pictures, and class day program was intrusted to the care of committees appointed by our president. For the class day program the following were recommended by the executive committee and elected by the class: Poet, George Olive; Maker of Will, Dallas Croke; Prophet, Marguerite Mahoney; Historian, Irwin Redding; and Composers of class song, Esther L. Wood and Wilbur Igelman.

And now that the end of this class is near and our work in high school is almost completed, it is well to remember that tonight we are assembled together in a single unit for perhaps the last time. We are now to go in many directions, some to work, some to college, others to the State Normal to prepare for teaching, and many into the business world, but never again will we be together in Technical High School for the purpose of education. We have finished our history as a class.

IRWIN REDDING,
Class Historian.

COMP. VIII'S TURN DRAMATISTS

(Continued from page 4)

manager, and the chorus-girl out of a job.

Chorus Girl: Dear sir, my limpid soul, my artistic temperament fits me for the position of chorus girl.

Manager (gruffly): Any experience?

Chorus Girl (eagerly): Oh, yes. I took Gym three terms at Technical High School, can tango, foxtrot, and have had six month's experience in my uncle's grocery.

Manager: What are your terms?

Chorus Girl: \$150 per week, costumes and make-up.

Manager: Next!

The Arsenal Cannon

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NEXT SEMESTER'S CANNON

In making plans for the coming semester our readers must face these questions: Wherein has the CANNON satisfied your demands? Have you received your money's worth? Would you like to have a weekly rather than a bi-monthly paper?

The staff has endeavored to give you full value both in content and in mechanical form of the paper. Yet our aim is to give you even more next semester. We want to enter the ranks of the weeklies, and thus be in a position to present the real news of the school when it is news and not after it has become cold,—ancient history.

In a school as large and as scattered as Technical it is almost impossible for any student to keep in touch with all the happenings of interest. Yet you do not care to be forced to profess ignorance of the activities of the school community in which you spend a large part of your time, and

around which your interests are centered. Won't the CANNON issued weekly keep you better posted than a less frequent news issue?

The paper is not a money making proposition; every cent received has been expended in making it as readable and attractive as possible. However, through larger production, we are enabled to offer you the paper for next semester as a weekly with twelve issues instead of six, for the same price. The only condition is that we have a minimum of 1200 subscribers instead of 850 which we now have. Can it be done?

BUSINESS MANAGER.

INFLUENCE OF SENIORS

Every freshman dreams of that time when he will attain senior rank, senior dignity, senior wisdom. As he passes through sophomore and junior stages his ideals grow stronger and naturally his outlook becomes broader. Throughout these years what group sets the standards for his impressionable mind? The Senior Class, surely. If this be true, then seniors as a group and as individuals should realize their responsibility and consequently should guard carefully their actions, choose thoughtfully their ideals and plan accurately their futures.

How does the class of January '17 measure up to this responsibility? Fortunately their influence has been for the building of a stronger Technical. First of all, the class as a whole places high valuation on scholarship. In the scholarship contest, not only did Room 34 head the list on the blueprint made to indicate the ranking of the various roll rooms but the class as a whole won the CANNON challenge of high scholarship. The staff must admit defeat and acknowledges that it is the *senior* who leads in intellectual advancement.

In the second place, the class of '17 exerts an influence for good in the matter of co-operation. The most vital example set was the management and production of "All-of-a-sudden Peggy." Every mechanical detail, from building stage settings to selling tickets, was executed in a business like way, brought about only by a perfect understanding among the various members

(Continued on page 19)



LINE-UP FOR 1917 STATE TEAM WHO WILL MAKE IT?

A squad of twenty players has been practicing diligently and each man is trying for a position on our 1917 state team to be finally organized by Coaches Carroll and Lancaster. Because of the large number of candidates the work of the coaches has been increased but we'll leave it to them to produce Tech's best at Crawfordsville.

The members of last year's team with the exception of Dougherty, captain, have returned to school and are eligible for the quintet. These are: Meyers, who has played throughout this season and is applicant for forward; Lawson, who played floor guard last year and made such a creditable showing at the Martinsville meet in March that he was mentioned on the all-star section team, and who now stands a good chance of playing forward when our team lines up at Crawfordsville; Harry Brown, the only pivot man on the team who has had sectional tournament experience; Wagner who showed splendid defensive ability at the tournament last year and is proving that he should be considered now for the floor guard position.

In addition to Meyers and Lawson the candidates for the forward position on the team are: Shields, Coxen, Kirshman, and Sampson. All these men have shown their worth by consistent playing in the league games. Coxen, although a guard, is an accurate goal tosser and is proving to the coaches that he would make a valuable man, due to the fact that he can play either position.

For center, the men whom the coaches are watching with especial attention are:

Agger, Barton and Jungclaus. These men will give Harry Brown lots of opposition for his coveted pivot position.

The guard material this year is in better shape to defend the goal than ever before. The place held by Dougherty, the dependable back guard of last year's team, will be filled by Seidensticker, Nutt, Risk or Coxen. These men are all experienced guards. Wagner and Day are trying out for floor guards. Wagner, having gained experience at the sectional meet naturally has an advantage over his opponent, but it will be some race.

With such a group of basketball enthusiasts being trained daily under the efficient direction of such men as Coaches Carroll and Lancaster, surely Technical's strength will produce her strongest "state team" in 1917.

MAJOR LEAGUE

TEAMS	GAMES WON	GAMES LOST	POINTS SCORED	OPP'T'S POINTS	PER CENT.
Whites	8	2	217	194	.800
Reds	7	3	161	149	.700
Purples	6	5	217	184	.545
Blacks	5	5	191	136	.500
Greys	5	6	174	162	.460
Greens	4	6	221	205	.400
Blues	4	6	166	159	.400
Browns	2	8	114	203	.200

MINOR LEAGUE

TEAMS	WON	LOST	PER CENT.
Browns	5	1	.833
Blues	4	2	.666
Reds	4	2	.666
Greys	3	2	.600
Whites	2	3	.400
Greens	2	3	.400
Blacks	2	4	.333
Purples	0	5	.000



*Albert Dougherty
"Reds"*



*Houston Meyers
"Greys"*



*Harry Brown
"Blacks"*



*Forrest Nutt
"Greens"*



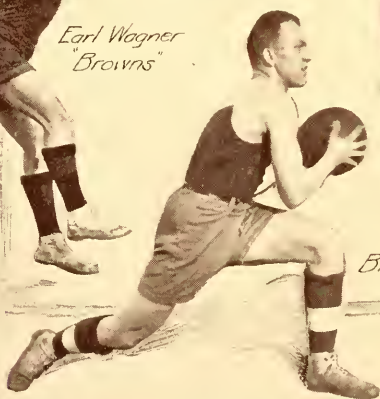
*Earl Wagner
"Browns"*



*Bernard Lawson
"Whites"*



**BASKET BALL
CAPTAINS
IN
ACTION**



*Blanton Coxen
"Blues"*

*Russell Kirshman
"Purples"*



JOHN AND MAURICE DAUGHERTY,
Fall Tennis Champions

INFLUENCE OF SENIORS

(Continued from page 16)

of the class. Keeping in mind the friction that so often arises from rehearsal for class plays, we are glad to know that the cast worked as a unit under Miss Farman's direction and are happy to mark that without discord the play was finally produced.

An influence toward simplicity of dress was begun when the senior girls decided to wear white skirts and middies on class day. This uniformity of costume indicates that the seniors would place a premium not only on simplicity but also on economy.

As individuals senior influence is carried beyond his high school days. By his successes the virtue of his alma mater are known, through his failures the sentence of condemnation falls on his high school.

So if to the undergraduate, senior standards are fit ideals, if to the student body senior conduct is the model, if to the world senior successes, or failures, are the stamp of the school's efficiency, then might we not wisely take inventory of our own senior ideals, asking just what influence the

class of '17 creates? And may we not justly rejoice that when the inventory has been taken the tendency is toward higher standards, greater achievements, stronger character!

THE SENIOR PARTY

The Seniors of January 1917 held their class party in the gym last Thursday afternoon from four o'clock to six. The entertainment was a "rattling" good success.

About thirty teachers and forty pupils helped to make the afternoon one of pleasure. A "kid" effect was carried out when the teachers and pupils joined hands in playing such games as "Farmer in the Dell," "Drop the Handkerchief," and "Three Deep." In between each game a dance was wedged and the guests begged for more.

At five o'clock everyone made his way to the lunch room. In about ten minutes Mr. Stuart arrived and the "eats" thereupon began to disappear.

There was much "jollyng" at the seniors' farewell party and the good times came to an end only when Mr. Stuart announced that he had to make a hurried exit because of a dinner party which awaited him.



EARL PERKINS, Track Captain



WHO WON?

Although foot-racing is not considered a hazardous sport it is a sport in which the participant is in danger of injuring himself by over-exertion. Intoxicated by the excitement of the race the athlete thinks nothing of himself but will put forth his last ounce of strength in order to cross the goal ahead of his opponents. The stories of the ancient Greeks often tell of an athlete purchasing the laurel wreath with his life and today we sometimes hear of a runner being injured in a contest.

Having two friends on our school track team I was an interested spectator of the track meet with Norwood High, a rival institute. When I arrived at the athletic field Fred Lewis and Billy Aulden, had already donned their track suits and swathed in brilliant hued bath robes were conversing spiritedly with an attractive young lady of my acquaintance, Mary Gray. As I joined the group I heard Fred say, "Come now, Mary, you must decide which of us is to take you to that dance to-night, but surely you wouldn't seriously consider going with that clown, Billy."

"Oh Mary," spoke up Billy, "can you imagine yourself going to a dance with such a tangle-foot as Fred when a fellow like me is begging to take you?"

Mary sent an appealing glance at each of the boys but Fred retorted, "Tangle-foot am I? You will see who is the tangle-foot when we run the quarter-mile."

I was then begged by Mary as all wise mediator to settle the triangular problem. The facts of the case were that Fred and Billy, after a race to be first, had simultaneously requested her company to the Senior Prom that evening and she, not wishing to offend either, was at a loss which to accept. I first made a suggestion that she decline the invitations of both the

athletes and accept mine, but this was met by such an outburst of protest from all three that I quickly withdrew it. After a brief period of intense contemplation, during which each of my friends good-naturedly continued to portray the shortcomings of his rival in the most eloquent of terms, I hit upon the plan that was to overcome the difficulty. I thought of the immortal, "To the victor belongs the spoils," and in it lay the solution, for Fred and Billy were both entered in the quarter-mile race and the one who finished ahead of the other was to have the pleasure of escorting the much desired Miss Mary to the Prom.

In making this proposition I was not the disinterested arbitrator that I posed, for I thought that Fred, whom I secretly wished to see triumph over his rival, would easily win the quarter-mile, while Billy, performing in his usual manner, would disgrace the school. Billy protested against this plan as barbaric and unfair but he was over-ruled by the others and the discussion was ended by the megaphoned voice of the announcer giving the last call for the quarter-mile.

At this summons Fred and Billy dropped off their bath robes and joined the other contestants on the starting line. Mary and I moved to a good position where we could see the runners scratching their starting holes with the long spikes on their sprinting shoes. The younger and less experienced contestants, whose plain track shirts bore evidence that they had not yet won the coveted monogram, were clearly nervous and anxious for the race to begin. The older veterans of the track, whose chests were already emblazoned with the insignia of victory, tested their starting holes with a calm confidence born of many triumphs in hard fought races. The crowd of students grew tense with excitement for in the quarter-mile race centered the hopes of each

school for victory. Norwood had so far scored one more point than our school and a victory for either would decide the day. Led by the maniacal antics of the yell leaders they poured forth encouragement to the athletes. What runner could refrain from his utmost when his school-mates were yelling the school battle-cry?

The starter raised his gun and pronounced the fatal words,

"Take your mark!"

The runners dropped to the ground and the students hushed their yells. Again the starter spoke,

"Get set!"

At this the backs of the crouching runners humped up like angry cats and the starter's upraised hand spoke,

"Go!"

The runners leaped forward sending a shower of cinders behind.

Fortune had been kind to Billy giving him an advantageous position on the inside of the track while Fred was forced to start from a position near the outside. To my surprise and to the surprise of everyone else, Billy was successful in the dash for the pole on the first turn, a big advantage in a quarter-mile race. Fred had to choose from dropping behind or running on the outside of the track and he chose the former. When the race turned into the back stretch Billy still had the lead while Fred was entangled in a mass of runners behind him. In a few seconds Fred succeeded in extracting himself from the box and with a bound was beside Billy.

It was then I heard Mary's voice by my side gasp,

"Go, Billy! Go, Billy!"

And I realized that Billy was her choice for escort to the dance that night, but having feminine peculiarities she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing it.

But alas, Billy was clear on the other side of the track and he could not hear that weak voice drowned by the 'Raahs' of the crowds of excited students. If he could have, it might have inspired him to the superhuman feat of beating Fred although I fear that it would have taken encouragement in the more substantial form of the breath of Athena to enable him to continue the terrible pace that Fred was setting.

As it was Billy's speed decreased allowing Fred to take the lead. Runner after runner passed Billy until he ceased to be a factor in the race and was lost from sight to all except Mary. Osburne of Norwood was now coming to the front and when Fred swung into the home stretch he was only a stride behind. The crowd grew frantic. We of Emerson shouted, "Lewis! Lewis! Yea Lewis!" until we were hoarse while the Norwood rooters cheered for Osburne with equal vehemence. I looked at Mary and, when all were transfixed by the battle for first place going on in the stretch, I saw her gazing to the far turn of the track where tired Billy had defeated the most leaden-headed freshman for the honors of last position.

"Poor Billy!" escaped her lips.

On came the leaders, their faces gray with exertion and their mouths hanging open. Now Osburne was abreast of Lewis and the yelling of Norwood redoubled in violence while we were struck with fear that our champion would be beaten after all. As the struggling athletes flashed past where I was standing I saw Fred set his teeth and lower his head. A moment later the twine snapped across his chest and he fell headlong on the cinders of the track.

The race was won! But not so with the girl and the dance for when he tried to rise he found his left leg useless. He was carried from the field suffering from badly strained ligaments. That night while Fred was home helpless in bandages triumphant Billy escorted Mary to the dance.

HAROLD ROBINSON

MUSIC

Music—oh what joy it brings!

The tiniest warbler when it sings

Can cheer the heart in saddest hours,

Like rain-drops on the most parched flowers.

The organ tones so soft and clear,

How can they help some one to cheer?

And the voice of a maiden sweet and true

Will drive away the shadows too.

Music—God's messenger of love,

Filling our hearts with thoughts above,

Sent by the Angels, to us below

That is what music is I know.

VIVIAN WEBSTER

WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST

Radford Herril, known to his classmates as "Rud," and his room-mate, "Fitch" Henderson, were secretly talking, under the stairs.

"What's the use, he'll catch on," Fitch was saying scornfully.

"No he won't," Rud protested, "not unless some one tells him. He's just been here at school for a month. Freshmen jump at anything."

The boys were both sophomores and were anxious to make up for the tricks played on them during the previous year.

"Oh well, come on, I'm game, though I don't think it'll work," yielded Fitch. "But if you're going to do it, hurry up," he added.

They lost no time in reaching their room on the second floor of the dormitory in the Williamson Academy. For some time they labored writing, blotting, scratching, and re-writing. At last a neat card was thrust into an envelope, which they sealed and addressed. They crept downstairs and at the first mail-box, Rud drew the note from his pocket and dropped it in. Each boy uttered a sigh of relief and together rushed out to the campus to join a foot-ball game.

Luncheon was the popular meal with the boys at the Academy, for it was then that their mail was delivered. Then, homesick "Freshies" were cheered by loving words from their adoring mamas. Seniors, well weaned from home, were cheered by the prospect of a money-order. So, it was, apparently, a happy crowd that eagerly filed into the dining-hall.

Among the pupils was Howard Jennings, a solitary lad who seemed rather in awe of his upper classmen, and, indeed, of his freshmen brothers, as well. While other boys romped and played, he contented himself by watching yearningly from a distant corner. He did not seem to be at all enthusiastic as he came into lunch on the day following the little conspiracy. He expected no mail and always felt a little out of things, when other boys were enjoying theirs. Even his appetite did not make him eager. He had few friends, either in school or out in the world and now, he was

here, simply to be out of the way of his society-struck mother.

But today, as he carefully seated himself, amidst the subdued scramble and clamor of his associates, he noticed an envelope at his plate. Closer glance showed it to have gone only through the local postmaster's hands. He did not understand, but slipped it into his pocket, for it was, at least, something to which he might look forward.

At the sophomore table sat two boys who, apparently, were unusually interested in the freshman table and it was evident from their half-concealed glances that the center of attraction was Howard. But, to their utter disgust, he displayed no excitement, did not rip open his note and devour it as they had anticipated, but calmly ate his meal in silence, as usual.

During the noon recess, however, Howard sought a favorite secluded nook in a far corner of the campus and there, with no one to interrupt, he broke the seal. The card read,

Professor and Mrs. Henry DARTH Williamson request the pleasure of Mr. Howard Jennings's presence at dinner, on Friday, November fifteenth at seven o'clock.

Utter amazement, mingled with joy and fear, shone in the boy's face for a few moments. A dinner party and for him! Impossible! (True—Professor Williamson *was* his mathematics instructor; and he *did* seem to favor the lad sometimes.) It was addressed to him, had his name in it. Yes,—it must be all right—how good he felt already. All this passed through Howard's mind as he sat gazing steadily at the ground.

Behind the bushes, unseen but seeing, crouched the two boys.

"He fell for it, all right," excitedly whispered Rud, "I told you so."

"Shut up, he'll hear you. Come on, let's go back. It's most time for the bell," cautioned Fitch.

They crawled away for some distance, then broke into a mad dash for the gymnasium. Not a word was spoken as they sped along, but at the sight of the first friend, up went a wild shout of glee from the two.

"Hey, Davy, come here," called Rud, "we've got a good joke to tell you."

Needless to say, Davy came running and between gasps and many interruptions, the whole story was soon out.

"Say, that's good," laughed Davy. "Jennings will feel like crawling through the hole in a doughnut when he gets out of that, when he goes waltzing in on old Williamson for dinner. Ha! Ha! I can just see him now."

His apparent joy brought a crowd of fellows and it was not long until the news of the trick had spread among the older boys. During the jubilations, "Daddy" Howe, a kind old history professor, chanced to pass, and overheard enough to arouse his suspicion of a trick on Jennings. Awaiting his opportunity, he slipped up to the pensive youth and led him into conversation. The gray-haired old man was loved by all the students for he was fair, helpful and sympathetic. It was not hard for him to draw Howard's confidence and soon the formal note was in his hands. He had been through a preparatory school, himself, and understood. Not wishing to shatter the boy's dream immediately, he said nothing, but going back to his work, he began to plan. The eventful evening was yet two days off and he knew, he could always work on Williamson's sympathies. He had little doubt but that his plan would mature easily.

Classes had just been dismissed on the following day when Howard, smiling to himself, went very quietly whistling down the hall. He stopped before one of the many doors and knocked timidly.

"Hello!" a hearty young voice responded. Howard pushed open the door and stepped inside.

"Why Raymond," he began, "I just wondered if you have a-a-white bow-tie I might use this evening. I-I'm invited to a party and can't find mine."

"Sure enough," was the quick reply, for Raymond was aware of what was going on. "Want anything else? I've got a swell walking-stick, you can have it if you want it," he added with a swagger.

"No, thanks, I have everything else I need. I'll have to go now and get my French. Good-bye," he said.

"So long," called Raymond, but as the other lad closed the door he said to himself, "Poor kid, he's in deep."

Raymond was truly sorry for the boy but, even so, he could not spoil the fun by giving the secret away.

It was exactly 7:02 o'clock when a much dressed-up young man walked stiffly up the steps to the Williamson door. With just the tip of his white-gloved finger he pushed the bell. The door was opened by a pleasant-looking woman. Hat in hand, Howard entered and stood twirling his hat in his hands, feeling and looking much embarrassed.

"Mr. Jennings, I suppose?" began Mrs. Williamson, for it was she who met him. "We've been expecting you. Just come in here, won't you please, where the other guests are?"

"Yes'm, thank you. Guess I'm sort of late," he meekly replied. His hostess had pushed aside the portiers and ushered him in. The three professors to whom he recited were seated in the brightly-lighted library. Howard seated himself in a high stiff-backed chair and pulled at a button on his coat, trusting that he be unnoticed. The men were undoubtedly discussing matters of which he knew little and he was not bothered. But soon the conversation took a musical turn.

"By the way, I wish some of you would play the violin," the host said. "I have a fine old instrument here, but it has been years since I used it. Cannot one of you play? I got it out this evening hoping we might have a little concert. I'm rather hungry to hear it."

"Sorry, but I'm no musician," one answered.

"Forgotten all I ever knew," said another.

But, unnoticed, Howard slipped to the floor, tiptoed over to the piano, and took down the violin. I will not try to describe the music as the strings responded to the masterful bow, but after two or three measures, the men stopped speaking.

The remainder of the evening passed as in a dream. It was several hours before Howard fell asleep, tired but happy.

"Ha! Ha! That's a good one on you, Rud!"

"Bully for you, Rud, you're a bear at playing jokes."

"If I couldn't do any better than that I'd stop trying to fool the Freshies," were a few of the greetings that reached Radford as he came out upon the campus Saturday morning.

"Huh! what's the matter, anyway?" he asked, moving a little more slowly.

"Look at this paper if you want to know," Davy shouted, grinning sarcastically at Rud. He held up a sheet of a local paper and pointed to a section in the society news. It read:

"Professor and Mrs. Williamson very pleasantly entertained a few friends at dinner last evening. A most enjoyable feature of the evening was several violin numbers rendered by Mr. Howard Jennings, an accomplished young musician from Baltimore who is now a student at the Academy."

The boy was stupefied for a few seconds, then a most sheepish grin appeared.

"Well, what do you know about that!" He ejaculated.

MINNIE BROWN

MY SERVANT

"Me work, all day, every day. Just the same *every day*. Same old work. Work then die." I remembered the words clearly that evening—the words that long ago I had heard a dying Italian peasant say. No other expression could I bring to mind which so thoroughly explained my temperament. To a grimy, musty set of accounting books I had been chained for thirty-five years. It maddened me to think back over it all, for I had never advanced. Romance, riches and success were evidently not to be mine. But I made one more attempt.

And, so one evening as I closed the creaking doors of the firm's house, I realized that sometime in the course of the day I had altered the books—I possessed twenty pounds more than was my due.

I walked towards home. The wind blew a hurricane and moaned and sighed away through the tree tops. Dark, scurrying clouds brushed the roof tops, while the smoke from innumerable chimneys served only further to blacken the night.

Brisk walking, aided by the impetus of the wind at my back, soon brought me within one half mile of my home. But, my thoughts fled back from the dreary neighborhood through which I was passing, and sought deep within the accounting books. And then—

A little, weazened, crooked figure of a man crept out of the night and approached me. He stood still; his bent form quavered under the mellow glow of a street lamp. He eyed me; I shuddered.

"Good evening," piped he.

"Not very good evening," I returned. Terror stricken I noticed that the old imp dragged at my heels.

"Better evening than the day has been, eh, what? You've had a bad day I fear. Your accounting books show that."

"My books? What—how?" I stopped, my limbs congealed with fear. The imp laughed, a cruel, piping squeak that was borne away on the wind—back to the offices. Onward I moved.

But the little old man trailed along behind me; and at every lamp I noticed that his hardened, upturned face was twitching into an ugly leer that ate far into my very soul.

We came at last to the narrow drive that led back through a grove of trees to my small house. At the stoop I turned pleadingly toward him:

"Will you now have the grace to leave? Have you not persecuted enough, you, you—"

"I persecute *you*," he laughed outright. "My man it is *you* who persecute *me*. Move on, I follow."

At the table that night the little imp stood ever beside me. And strange to say my wife did not notice him. But she noticed my queer actions, and commented thereon. "Tis naught," I would lie, and again try and gain my composure. It was impossible. Half in terror and half in rage I fled the room and sought solace within my bed-chamber.

But solace came not, and ever present was the vision of the accounting books, and the fatal twenty pounds. The aged man hung on; and always his face pinched into the same ghastly leer, was as a mirror of my soul.

Long afterward, when my wife had found peace in slumber, I rolled and tossed about in fruitless attempts to ease my tortured body. Without the storm raged; the wind cried and wailed in rebellious anger.

Day broke, and with its kindly light I felt better. Sometime in the early hours of the morning the little man had fled.

Two months sped quickly by. The loss of twenty pounds had never been noticed by either Blackstone or Hollingsworth, the heads of the firm. And so it was that the greed again got possession of me, and again the accounting books were altered, and twenty pounds I received that was not my due.

With the night came the same distractions. Again I met the aged dwarf, and again he followed me. But he was changed markedly; his form had shrunken and hardened. He was not so accusing; he was not so acrid in his admonition. And though he accompanied me home, he left early in the night, and I slept.

Ah, well do I remember those speeding months, the months that saw me err and err again, the months that now long afterwards have caused this life to become a veritable inferno on earth. For surely I was the hypocrite; each new act of greed was invariably followed by a self-conscious assurance to stop and sin no more.

There came a reaction. Sooner or later all criminals and sinners come to the breaking point.

December came, and with it fierce blasts and raging tempests accompanied by rain, then by hail, and on the 24th of the month, by drifting snow. I left the business house and journeyed homeward. The wind bit at my unprotected face and tore at my clothing. But I was inclined towards happiness. As a Christmas present, Blackstone, never dreaming of my deceptions, had given me twenty pounds.

But my happiness was shallow as a sand-filled pool. At times my good spirits would grind on hard shoals. 'Tis ever thus. Cruel fate leads us swiftly in high glee over the things we rejoice to think on, then, as suddenly again, damns that pleasant thought and leaves us wallowing in dregs of deep despair. During one of the worst

of these weakening periods, my dwarf met me.

His weak, twisted body would have brought tears to an eye less hardened than mine. He followed in silence, and repeatedly glanced up at me in sorrowful abandon. But I had grown used to him, and on each previous encounter he had appeared less and less formidable. (Yet the night held terror, which, as I walked home, I never forgot.)

The meal over, and the dishes laid away, my wife and I sat before the small grate and talked. And our talk led back over the childhood life, of other Christmas days, and of our parents. Those long, forgotten yesterdays were sorrowful in their appeal. A tear trickled down my aged cheek. My wife broke down and wept outright and I vainly strove to sooth her, and to bring the thoughts to dwell on happier subjects. It was impossible. In a near corner stood the dwarf, weeping.

Long afterwards the fire died into a glowing mass of coals. My wife left me and sought her bed-room. Then I and the aged man went—to the reckoning.

When we were safe within my own room, the imp threw himself on the bed and moaned bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" I began.

"Why? Why do you ask, fool? You know but too well." He sat up; the words rattled out of his drawn, deformed throat:

"But know you, hypocrite. There is an end to all *seeming* good times, which we think to find in sin and crime. And you have found the end: for mark you, tonight I lie sick, I am to die."

His words struck terror into the very marrow of my bones.

"Don't speak thus," I pleaded. "I'll reform; I shall be an upright, honest man forevermore." I sank weakly to the floor and crept over to the bed. But he merely laughed in wild hysterics and rolled and tossed as I had done several months before.

"It is what you have promised yourself every time," he moaned. "Oh, its easy. It becomes a habit, a mere safety valve for your overwrought conscience, which fain would warn you. Many have experienced the same state of mind which you now en-

ture. But it must come for there is always an end."

My nerves all on edge, my mind in a whirl, I paced the floor, and beat my sunken chest with the hands that had taken the property of others. Yet carefully did I watch my aged companion. He was growing and expanding. Again he spoke:

"And now, my man, I warned you many, many times. I can do no more. Through *your* indolence and weakness, *I* have grown weak. And now I die. Good-bye. Take your punishment, as you gave me mine."

His body, which was now fully as large as it had been on that stormy night, when I first met him, now stiffened and lurched back upon the bed—lifeless. With a scream of terror I rushed to the window. Without the wind blew a hurricane, the snow had turned into rain which beat upon the glass pane; the black night mourned with me.

I turned and stared at the bed. My eyes bulged in mortal terror. For—

The dwarf's body is gone, and in his place there sits a figure—a huge, black, mocking figure. What? He beckons. I approach.

The figure rises and grovels at my feet. A hoarse whisper issues from the mocking lips:

"Did you not call, sirrah? I am at your service. For many months you have served me. Now, it is my turn." He leans again.

"Begone, imp of the Furies! I did *not* call! Begone I say!" I shout, I cry; but he grovels again "at my service."

My knees give way; I grovel; my face touches the cold, cold mat, and I gnaw as a rat. One twitching hand I reach forward. Oh! It touches the rough, the hardened hand of— *my servant*.

GEORGE OLIVE

GOD'S COUNTRY

The flowing streams of northern lands,
The mountains made by giant hands,
The open fields so rich and clear,
The grizzly bear and flighty deer,
The cedar, pine, and balsam trees,
The woodchuck's peck, and humming bees,
The scarlet sap from ancient hea,
All make the things in God's country.

RAYMOND HOLTMAN

SONG OF PROGRESS

I am looking toward the future.

Where are you?

And I see a new day dawning

On my view.

He, whose time is spent in dreaming

Of the past,

In the conflicts that awaits us,

Cannot last.

Traveler, upon life's journey!

Look ahead,

Where the sun from yonder mountain

Rises red.

Beautiful those tints and colors,

On the snow,

Every peak stands bathed in sunlight

All aglow.

But before you and those mountains

Intervene

Untried paths and tests of danger

Unforseen.

With your thoughts upon the future,

Never fear

But each task well done, will find you,

Still more near;

To the goal, toward which we're striving

And the shore

Where we all shall be far better

Than before.

My ambition knows no limit,

For I know,

That the most I hope to offer

Or can show,

In the sight of work that's needed

From us all;

All I ever can accomplish,

Were too small.

FRED McDONALD

THE THREE MAIDENS

Many years ago there lived a young woman, Mirana, who had inherited a great deal of wealth from her guardian. She was a person who was vain and haughty and always used to having her own way in everything.

Mirana owned all of the land in the community where she lived. One Christmas Mirana gave a Christmas party for all of the people on her land in order to win admiration. This Christmas the people had a better time than they had ever had before, but for some reason or other Mirana seemed

to create a power over them. They obeyed her commands and wishes, yet every day they learned to despise her more.

One day, a bright sunshiny Monday, when everyone should feel happy, the people rose more quarrelsome than usual, and before they had retired that night this feeling had grown to hatred. So much of Mirana's cruel thoughts and harshness had been thrown in their paths of late that they naturally became irritated and quarrelsome.

Each day this hatred grew more and more, until, one day, they held a council and decided to have nothing more to do with her. But in spite of their efforts to throw off her influence, the feeling of hatred became the ruling power. In a few days the people held another council and this time decided to do away with Mirana on the charge of witchcraft. She was arrested and charged with witchcraft, and at the trial convicted and sentenced to be burned at the stake. After her death the large problem was the disposal of her great wealth.

While hunting for some clue as to her relation they found that she had only one living relative. This was a cousin who lived in a far away country. This cousin, Olivia, was notified of Mirana's death. She left her own country and came to live on the property left her by Mirana.

Olivia was a kind-hearted peace-loving girl with auburn hair and brown eyes. There lived in this part of the country a wealthy young man, who met Olivia and fell in love with her. The people of the community loved Olivia but this young man's grandfather was a cruel man and he had created such a feeling of hatred in the hearts of the people that none of his successors had changed. Not liking this young man the community criticised the marriage. In spite of this feeling the young people in love were married.

Olivia spent most of her time training her little daughter Elsa. Elsa was a very intelligent little child always asking questions of great interest. When Elsa became old enough her mother taught her to read, write, spell and cipher. Elsa became so interested in her studies that she spent the greater part of her time in her own

tiny study, the walls of which were lined with her favorite books.

About this time Olivia's husband learned that the United States Government was seeking a site for an arsenal and he proposed to his wife that they sell a portion of the land for this purpose. Olivia objected very strongly to this for she had plans to found a great educational institution on this land. Not heeding her wishes Olivia's husband secretly sold the land to the Government. When this sale became known, the community was so indignant that he was warned to leave the country, and he lost no time in getting away. He was never seen or heard of afterwards.

At the death of her mother, which took place shortly after her father's disappearance, Elsa inherited all of the wealth. Wishing to do all she could for the cause of education in which she had been interested all of her life, and knowing what her mother's wishes were and how disappointed she had been at the failure to utilize a portion of her land for educational purposes, Elsa founded a plan to fulfill her mother's wishes.

The Government was ready to abandon this tract of ground as an arsenal and Elsa decided, as a monument to her mother's memory, to purchase the ground and present it to the public for school purposes. Our grand Technical High School is the result of Olivia's plans and Elsa's benevolence.

MARY LUKENS

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST

A day that inspired imagination, a cold day, with fleecy snow and overcast skies;—such was the one that found me walking briskly through the Technical High School campus. What it was that made me mysteriously joyous, it would be difficult to discover; but Christmas was only two days off, and, as to the mystery, that was probably due to the atmosphere of mystery which always seemed to surround the old government buildings, particularly the east residence. As I neared the latter the feeling became more pronounced and I yearned as ever to explore, at leisure, every nook and cranny. Now the longing for oppor-

tunity was at hand! I ran to the nearest door, my expectancy and exultation rising at every step; but they ceased abruptly when I turned the knob to find, that no matter how hard I tried, I was not to be admitted that day if that door had anything to say. I had completely forgotten that, as it was Saturday, the doors would be locked. Then—oh! happy thought!—the windows in the Botany room would surely be open, at least a little, as the plants must have air! Luckily my supposition was correct, and, with the aid of a board, which I found and stood against the house, I had little difficulty in climbing through the window.

The question that then confronted me was where to begin, but as I had never been in the attic, my curiosity overcame all other impulses, and I decided to go there first. Accordingly, I went through the hall and climbed the winding stairs, which had always been an object of interest to me, seeming to wind on and on as if expecting me to follow, when I had no occasion to do so. Now, however, I responded to its call and followed to the top. There I found, instead of the dusty, dirty place I had expected, a third story of five rooms completely finished like the lower rooms, only more simply decorated. I was really disappointed and thought to offset it by ascending to the real attic, but here, as it was very dark, and very musty, and very dirty, my courage received a severe shock, and I retreated to more inviting surroundings. Having seen all there was to see, I was about to return to the stairs when I noticed a door that I had not yet entered. My curiosity was immediately alive, and I quickly opened the door which disclosed a dark interior. This I found to be a narrow passage surrounding a shaft which connected the ceiling of the hall on the second floor, with the skylight in the roof. Because of the darkness I was unable to see where I was walking, and consequently, tripped and fell over a pile of sand and gravel heaped upon the floor. My head came in sudden contact with the floor, and stars became visible, forming all imaginable shapes—houses, trees, and even animals. At last they all disappeared only to reappear in the form of a white-robed spirit that began

to speak in a surprisingly soft and musical voice.

"I am the 'Spirit of New Year,'" it said and paused, as if expecting an answer, but I was too awestruck to speak. It faded and re-appeared, then with an apparent effort began again. "I am the 'Spirit of New Year' and I have come to tell you of the happy New Year as it was joyfully spent in this house on the eve of 1865." As it spoke, other stars appeared above it, forming scenes to illustrate its words, as an artist illustrates a book. "This was the first winter of this building's existence for, as you probably know, the grounds were chosen for governmental purposes in 1863. Major William Stonewell was in command at the time, so this was, of course made his home. Probably a happier home never existed than this one during Christmas week for everybody was home for a vacation. Charles, the eldest, and his charming young wife were here from their home in Ohio; Robert came from law school in Chicago, and Eleanor, from the country had been teaching school; John had returned from the East where he had been attending college; but Esther still in the grammar school was already home. So, you see, it was a very happy Christmas gathering.

"But the rejoicing did not decrease the day after Christmas but grew till New Year's Eve, for a party to which twenty guests had been invited was planned for that night. Everyone helped; willing hands fastened cedar, holly and mistletoe in their proper places; Marie, the maid, assisted by Esther, spread the beds upstairs with snowy linen for the accommodation of all-night guests. The large table in the dining-hall was set as for a feast; and appetizing odors pervaded the kitchen where the chef was preparing good things to eat, because it was to be a glorious affair with a banquet at eleven to welcome in the new year. In fact it was to be such an elaborate party, that the preparations were not completed till just at 9:30 o'clock, when the first guest arrived. Soon the others came and the merry-making began by everyone dancing the Quadrille. This was followed by the Lancers and Virginia Reel, and entertainment was not lacking for anyone. At about

(Continued on page 32.)

Calendar Clippings

- Mon. Oct. 9. On this slippery, slimy day a freshman, not used to the paths of Tech, sat down in a mud puddle.
- Tues. Oct. 10. Miss Binner, speaking of the time when Greece was not an independent nation, "Now children, if you will look on page 544 you will see that there is no Greece on the map.
- Wed. Oct. 11. Vaccination order rescinded and many who left school because of this order have re-entered.
Don't be surprised at seeing little fairies running around loose in the Gym—Educational Day Plans begun.
- Thurs. Oct. 12. The construction of the new building seems to be progressing slowly but surely.
- Fri. Oct. 13. Nothing unusual happened today except that Howard Bates had his Latin.
- Mon. Oct. 16. Ed. Hartlauf buys a bottle of Bandoline, otherwise known as "stickum," to make his hair stay in place.
One of the most notable events of this term occurred today—Helen Carroll was seen walking home from school without a male escort!
- Tues. Oct. 17. Joseph Johnson, having become agent for some high grade perfume, made a try sale of ten cent size bottles which he claims are samples.
- Wed., Oct. 18. Strawberry blonds discovered at Tech!
- Thurs., Oct. 19. A false rumor is started that Howard Bates and Angeline Bates are brother and sister.
- Fri., Oct. 20. Why is it that in playing basket-ball, Charles Brandt rolls on the floor so much when he has such a good foundation?
- Mon., Oct. 23. Ray Marsh thoroughly prepared his history lesson.
- Tues., Oct. 24. Someone said Bill Jung-claus was too tall to get geometry.
- Wed., Oct. 25. Notice came from the office today that pupils, without permission, are not to remain at school after five o'clock. The conclusion drawn is that Techites, especially freshies, are too young to remain out after dark.
- Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 26-27. Faculty were especially frivolous—they attended State Teachers' Association.
- Mon., Oct. 30. The faculty all look just the same as they did before the convention. We hope they rested up during vacation.
- Tues., Oct. 31. Ask Houston Meyers why he slept in study hall today.
- Wed., Nov. 1. Miss Kaltz is presented with a baton by Latin students.
- Thurs., Nov. 2. Basketball teams organized.
- Fri., Nov. 3. There was a heated political argument at the entrance of the main building today.
- Mon., Nov. 6. Rain! Tech pupils can testify that the Arsenal Grounds gets its share of the down pour. Girls especially! It's so hard on artificially curly hair.
- Tues., Nov. 7. Charles Brandt has accomplished the art of falling and being rolled about on the floor without getting his feeling the least bit hurt.
- Wed., Nov. 8. Mr. Hoffman tells his classes about the *eels* that are found in vinegar. Have you ever eaten one?
- Thurs., Nov. 9. The CANNON makes its fourth explosion.
- Fri., Nov. 10. Charles Sipe suggested that the lunch-room have some waitresses.
- Mon., Nov. 13. Earl Perkins' pink hair still makes things bright around Tech.
- Tues., Nov. 14. Miss Harter found it necessary to use her gavel to quiet her pupils in Room 20 today. We are surprised at our freshies!
- Wed., Nov. 15. Say wouldn't Bill Jung-claus look funny in short trousers?
- Thurs., Nov. 16. The weather does not agree with some pupils who have to travel the road between the buildings.

- Fri., Nov. 17. Today Houp Meyers produced his masterpiece, a wonderful poem entitled, "Tech Athletics."
- Mon., Nov. 20. Some pupils find that tumbling down Tech stairs is a painful exploit although it looked easy at the movie show.
- Tues., Nov. 21. Stage carpenters get busy making scenery for the senior play.
- Wed., Nov. 22. Students beware! Watch your ice cream and pie when Bunt Lawson is near.
Does anyone know why Mr. Carroll was so preoccupied today?
- Thurs., Nov. 23. Dill pickles from the lunch room are discovered to have factored in Harry Brown's decrease in weight.
- Fri., Nov. 24. The Black minors certainly do like to be cellar champions!
- Mon., Nov. 27. Irene Cook's dimple makes a hit.
- Tues., Nov. 28. Cheer up! Only one more day and then Thanksgiving.
- Wed., Nov. 29. Like Alexander of old, the "Reds" sigh for more teams to conquer.
- Mon., Dec. 4. Ask Robert Byrne why he is so good during roll call.
- Tues., Dec. 5. Those seniors certainly show their salesmanship ability when it comes to getting rid of tickets for their play.
Everybody knows at least one thing about the senior play—Frank Hoke will be quite skillful in using his monocle by the fifteenth if "Practice makes perfect."
- Wed., Dec. 6. Why not put the salesmanship class in the new lunch-room and let them try their hand at selling beans at a penny a piece?
- Thurs., Dec. 8. There is constant traffic from Room 20 to the office during the eighth hour. Herr Freimark rules with an iron hand.
- Fri., Dec. 9. Jack Haymaker and Sidney Dailey are right on top when it comes to rooting for basketball teams.
- Mon., Dec. 11. Forrest Nutt offers for sale remnants of a once perfectly good basketball team.
- Tues., Dec. 12. If you insist on going to sleep in the study hall and snoring please bring a muffler as it disturbs some of the freshies who are having a tussle with their algebra.
- Wed., Dec. 13. We have such dignified seniors—the president for instance.
- Thurs., Dec. 14. Look 'em over with Bill and get on the inside track of basketball knowledge.
- Fri., Dec. 15. George Dickson was absent today. The lunch-room had some ice cream left
- Mon., Dec. 18. The seniors should all feel elated over last Friday night's representation. The players received quite an ovation, and you just bet they made a sensation.
- Tues., Dec. 19. Once again reigns consternation,
Tears and sighs and tribulation;
Who can offer consolation?
Once again comes exultation,
Honor Roll students make sensations
And show the worth of preparation!
- "I'd like to punch the crumb that said, 'ignorance is bliss,'" said one poor boy with two D's.
- Wed., Dec. 20. Marks certainly do make a difference in basketball teams.
- Thurs., Dec. 21. Faculty-Alumni basketball game. Old grads victorious—31-5!
- Fri., Dec. 22. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"
- Mon., Jan. 8. The only bad quality about vacation is that it gets you out of the habit of getting up early and therefore it is hard for some of us to remain awake during our early classes.
- Tues., Jan. 9. An entertainment was given by Isadore Harris today at Roll Call for everyone in the Main building. The one selection on the program was "Home, Sweet Home" played on the piano in the treble clef. We think he will soon be able to act as his own accompanist when he plays his cornet.
- Wed., Jan. 10. Grester Miller discovered six beans in his soup! He thinks there must have been a January sale.
- Thurs., Jan. 11. Why are all the Seniors so gayly dressed up today?
- Fri., Jan. 12. Warning to girls who use face enamel: be careful when getting a drink on the second floor.
- Mon., Jan. 15. Ralph Reidy dons a wrist watch.

—TECH— TICKLERS

Miss Frick had asked in several ways a question requiring the answer "when it is quiet in the room" but without a correct reply. In desperation she said, "when can you hear a clock plainly." Then came the answer "when it is running."

Miss Farman was asking about Charles Dickens' life. When she had finished Helen McPheeters said, "Dickens worked in a shoe blacking factory and these proved to be the darkest days of his life."

Miss McLaughlin teaching diagramming to an English IV class: Robert Stevenson. What would you do with "doing his best?"

Robert Louis Stevenson: Why; I'd put it up on a little shelf.

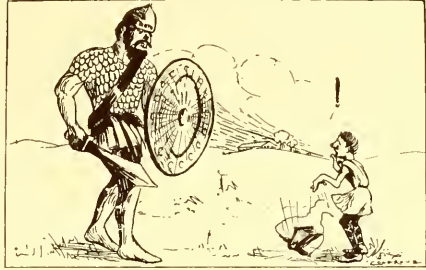
Cannon staff member: Give me a filler quick, before the bell rings, Mr. Lancaster.

Mr. Lancaster: You'll have to go to the lunch room for that, I'm afraid.

Harold Ryan said that Geometry was so (plain) plane and solid that he couldn't see through it.

A Technical teacher, who claims Minnesota as his home is of the opinion that the residents of Indianapolis do not appreciate the value of the ancient winter sport of skating. The residents of Woodruff Place were startled a few evenings ago at the sight of this staid professor in the garb of a Canadian lumber jack instructing a few favored friends how to cut the figure eight on the ice in the fountain on East Drive.

Oh why should the spirit of senior be proud,
When his dignified soul with the same fear is bowed,
As the freshie who thinks, as he chews up his pen,
"Oh what will Dad say, if I flunk Deutsch again!"



A TECHNICAL DAVID

"SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS"

Who was the senior wearer of the "seven league boots" that stepped off those "37 steps to the office to buy your tickets"—the sign we see posted on the out skirting trees on the campus?

One of our Techites was ordering a piece of rabbit for her lunch and while waiting for one of the servers to flood it with delicious gravy, a real tragedy happened. A fellow worker came along and bumped into her. As she did so, the comb fell out of her hair into the precious meat. She immediately began to apologize greatly to her customer, but the Techite calmly replied, "O, never mind, the comb belongs in the hare (hair)."

Wunce a grate green grass hopper
whispered tu a flea
Sed i'd like tu change ur name,
so u cud live with me.
Flea looked mitey pleazed at first,
Then the smile did fog;
Flea replied: "I'd like tu, but u
haven't got a dog."

—EXCHANGE.

THE FLUNKER'S LAMENT

Was ist der use to probieren,
Jeder Tag zu studieren?
Instead of ein A
Ich bekomme ein D,
Und alles ist verlieren.

I'm thankful Alexander the Great
Coud conquer no more men,
'Cause now, it takes two hours each night
To kill them off again.

SUCH IS LIFE!

Did you ever see a freshman
That seemed so free from care,
Who never had a thing to do
But look at you and stare?

Did you ever see a freshman,
With an irritating smirk;
Who seem to be so brilliant,
That he didn't have to work?

But when he is a sophomore,
His brow is furred deep!
He seems to say to all the world,
"I know quite a heap!"

And when he is a junior,
On freshmen he looks down;
Upon their pranks and follies,
He is prone to frown.

At last when he's a senior
He is quite dignified.
He seems as if he cannot smile
No matter *how* he tried.

And thus it is with all of us
As through the world we go,
The follies of our care-free youth,
When older, we outgrow.

But we must e'er remember
That we were freshmen too.
And from our youthful follies
Let wisdom spring anew.

ROBERT DARTER

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST

(Continued from page 28)

eleven o'clock they sat down to the banquet of roast pig with the trimmings, plum pudding and the many inviting dishes that go with them. Then indeed the jovialty waxed to its greatest because the old year was disappearing and a new year would soon enter to take its place and lead them on into the future. Finally as the clock in the hall proclaimed the hour of twelve, and the church bells heralded the entrance of the new year, Major Stonewell arose, raised his goblet of wine and proposed a toast.

"We drink," he proclaimed, "to the New Year; to the health of all the New

Years to come; may they bring peace to the nations; may they bring knowledge and wisdom to the coming generations; and, lastly, may they bring these three—peace, knowledge and wisdom—into the future of these Arsenal grounds." With these words the spirit ceased speaking, the lights faded, the stars disappeared and the spirit vanished with them; while I, with returning consciousness, meditated on the wishes of the past and their realization in the peaceful knowledge centered in the Arsenal grounds.

HELEN MCPHEETERS

SOME ADVICE

Perhaps you're climbing up the hill, maybe you're going down.
It ain't the clothes that makes the man, or paint that makes a clown.
Just put your shoulder to the wheel, and if you've struck a snag,
You'll lift the wagon out the rut and never have to lag.

Be in the push and say "I will," then go "do it now."
Treat your neighbor as a brother—there's no occasion for a row.
Be honest, just and upright, practice the "Golden Rule."
Don't buck up and be stubborn—try not to be a mule.

If you'll do these things I mention, you'll find life is not a joke
And you'll find that life's worth living, and never will be broke.
The self-consciousness that you have done, the things you really should.
Is pay enough, reward enough—you've done the best you could.

So as we jog along life's journey, with its ups and downs
There'll be many happy moments interspersed by scowls and frowns.
Its not all a bed of roses, so just do the best you can
And try to be a winner—don't be an "also ran."

GENEROUS HAYES



